THE

TRIUMPHS

OF

LOVE and *HONOUR*,

A

PLAY,

As it is acted

By His MAJESTY's Servants,

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

In *DRURY-LANE*.

To which are added,

Conſiderations on the STAGE, and on the Advantages which ariſe to a Nation from the Encouragement of Arts.

By Mr *COOKE*.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-lane*. 1731.

TO

HER GRACE

The DUTCHESS of *DEVONSHIRE*.

MADAM,

EVERY Dedication ought to be an Acknowledgement of Benefits conferred on the Public, or of private Favours received, or an Offering to ſu-

perior Worth, from a Deſire, in the Author, of pointing out a fair Example of Virtue to the World, without either of the other Motives; from the firſt of which I have an Opportunity of paying the Veneration which is due to a continued Race of Patriots in the Line of *CAVENDISH*; to enlarge on the Merits of which is needleſs, becauſe our Hiſtorys abound with them, and few *Engliſhmen* are Strangers to their Fame. Pardon me, Madam, if I here take an Occaſion to pride myſelf in having been early honoured with the Patronage of a Perſon whoſe Character is one

of

of the brighteſt Ornaments to his Country, and who, by his Beneficence when living, has made the Name of the late Duke of *Devonſhire* grateful to Poſterity. He was a profeſſed Friend to all the Sciences which are uſeful, and which adorn Life; and no Day ſeemed to him ſo well paſſed as that in which He had contributed to the Happyneſs of another. He never pauſed when the Means to a good Action were layed before him; a Virtue which I have often diſcovered in your illuſtrious Conſort, and which, when exerted on me, I attribute more to the Pleaſure which He conceives in a benevolent

lent Act than to any Merit which I am conſcious of in myſelf.

I doubt not but the Tribute which I have payed to that diſtinguiſhed Line of Worthys, which is to have a Continuance from your Grace, is as acceptable as any that can be payed to you: the Reaſon of my dwelling thus much on them is not becauſe I want materials to furniſh out a juſt Panegyric on your Grace; for if I ſay no more than what the World ſays of you, I ſhall give you the firſt Character among Women; which is that of a ſincere Friend,

an

an affectionate Wife, and a tender Parent; a Character that naturally raiſes Eſteem and Reverence in Men, and Emulation in the better Part of your own Sex: forgive me, Madam, if I here expreſs the Satisfaction which I feel from the Thoughts of my Children being born to the Honour, tho their Father can not boaſt the ſame, of an Allyance with a Family whoſe Virtues illuſtrate their Nobility.

As the Play which I ſubmit to your Grace, and the Conſiderations on the Stage annexed to it, are intended for the Advancement of Virtue and polite Learning, I ſhall not trouble

your

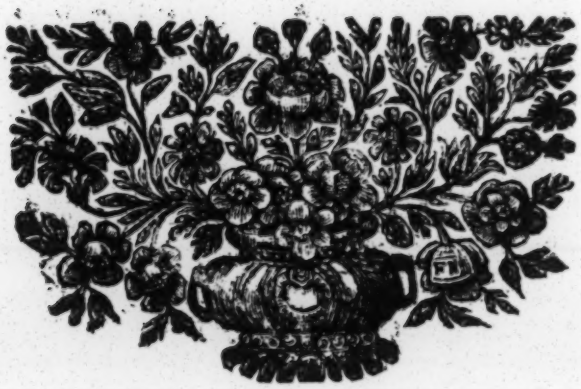
your Grace with any Apology for them: I wiſh they were more worthy your Grace's Patronage; but, as they are an Offering of Reſpect and Gratitude to your illuſtrious Houſe, I hope they will excuſe this Preſumption of, Madam,

Your Grace's

moſt obedient,

and moſt humble, Servant

THOMAS COOKE.



The PROLOGUE,

Written by Sir *Robert Henley*, Bart.

And ſpoke by Mr *WILLIAM MILLS*.

THE tragic Muſe, full twice a thouſand Years,
In the big Scene has rais'd our Hopes and Fears;
By unexpected Turns ſhe gives Surpriſe;
Now Joy ſhe gives, then fills with Tears the Eyes;
A War of Paſſions in their Breaſts they feel,
As the Muſe fires, who have not Hearts of Steel.
Old Æſchylus, *in tragic Numbers bold,*
The Griefs of Mortals, and Immortals, told;
He, leaving Nature and terreſtrial Plains,
Sung Jove's *Revenge, and bound the Gods in Chains.*
Next Sophocles, *majeſtic in his Rage,*
To Admiration charms a knowing Age;
In all the Pomp of Words He greatly ſings
The Wreck of Empires, and the Woes of Kings.
Euripides, *ſententious and ſerene,*
Bright, tho not blazing, grac'd the tragic Scene.
Proud Rome, *that gather'd of old* Greece *the Store,*
Compar'd with her, in Tragedy was poor;
In Nero's *Reign the moralizing Sage*
Drew but faint Copys of the Greecian *Page.*
To theſe ſucceeds a Race of monkiſh Days,
In which no learned Brow was crown'd with Bays;

One

One diſmal Cent'ry to another yields;
No Sound is hear'd but the loud Claſh of ſhields.
Huns, Goths, *and* Vandals, *from the northern Clime,*
Swarm o'er the Earth, and fright the Land of Rhyme:
Mute are the Nine; Virtue and Learning ſleep,
While War and Zeal their wakeful Vigils keep.
At length the tragic Muſe again appears,
And gives the Promiſe of ſucceſsful Years;
Britain *and* France *the ſacred Influence feel*
From Shakeſpeare, Fletcher, *and the great* Corneille.
Their bright Examples other Bards inſpire,
And to the Road of Fame their Boſoms fire:
In Virtue's Cauſe the Sons of Verſe engage,
And moſt inſtructing moſt they charm the Age.
This Night our Bard the glorious Tract purſues;
New to the Stage he courts the tragic Muſe;
By an invented Tale, a Tale of Love,
Without the Guilt of Blood he ſtrives to move;
To their own Peace he ſhews the Parents blind,
Who diſunite the Hearts which Love has join'd;
With Candour he intreats ye to attend,
And begs no Favour but as Virtue's Friend.

The Perſons of the Play.

MEN.

ARISTARCHUS, King of *Cyprus.*	Mr *W. Mills.*
PHILOCLES, Prince of *Rhodes.*	Mr *Wetherilt.*
PHILANDER, General to *Ariſtarchus.*	Mr *Theoph. Cibber.*
DION, *Philander*'s Friend.	Mr *Fielding.*
DAMON, a Shepherd.	Mr *Stoppelaer.*

WOMEN.

URANIA, Daughter to *Ariſtarchus*, betrothed to *Philocles*, loves *Philander*, and is beloved by him.	Miſs *Raſtor.*
THALIA, Siſter to *Philander*, loves *Dion*, and is beloved by him.	Mrs *Charke.*
SELENA, a Shepherdeſs.	Miſs *Oats.*

The Scene *CYPRUS.*

THE

THE TRIUMPHS OF *LOVE* and *HONOUR.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene the Palace of Ariſtarchus.

Enter ARISTARCHUS, PHILOCLES, PHILANDER, DION, *and Attendants:* Ariſtarchus *places himſelf on his Throne,* Philander *ſtanding at one Side, and* Philocles *at the other. A Symphony of war-like Muſic is performed as they enter.*

ARISTARCHUS.

THRICE has the morning Sun beheld the Foe
Bidding Defyance fierce to *Cyprian* Arms,
And threat'ning Ruin, 'e're the Noon of Day,
To this our fruitful Iſle; *Philander* thrice
Repell'd the bold Intruders from the Land,
And drove them to the Waves; we ſaw their Sails
Courting the Winds to bear them from our Rage.

Accept, thou brave young Man, the humble Thanks
Of Royalty; and if our Iſle contains
Ought worth thy Wiſh, aſk, and 'tis thine.

PHILANDER.

My Liege,
Embolden'd by your Leave, thus on my Knees,
I beg a Treaſure that my Soul has ſought
With Pray'rs inceſſant, and that mutual Vows
Have made my own; and when confirm'd by you,
The Meaſure of my Joy will be compleat.

ARISTARCHUS.

Speak; my Impatience tells me I'm too ſlow
In my Returns to thee: Ingratitude
Will be my Curſe, if I refuſe to grant
Whatever you can aſk, and I can give.

PHILANDER.

You have a Daughter whoſe ſuperior Charms
Can draw the Hermit from his peaceful Cell
To gaze upon her; whoſe bright Excellence
Can fire to Glory ev'ry manly Breaſt:
E'en while I ſpeak, I feel the ſacred Impulſe
That urg'd me early to the Fields of Blood.

ARISTARCHUS.

Ah! thou wou'd'ſt aſk what is not mine to give:
This Morn, by ſolemn Contract, I aſſign'd
My dear *Urania* to the Prince of *Rhodes*.

PHILANDER.

His Merits may, perhaps, more ſtrongly plead
Than the paſs'd Service of my faithful Arm;
His future Proweſs may, perhaps, enlarge
The Empire which my Sword preſerv'd from Ruin:
Now, *Philocles*, 'tis thine to blaze in Arms,
And drive th' Invaders from the Land of Love.

She

She that gave Courage to *Philander*'s Heart,
Strength to his Arm, and fought her Father's Cauſe
By no ignoble Proxy, is no more
The Proſpect of Delight; no more my Eyes
Muſt gaze deſirous on thy Charms, *Urania*;
Thy Father has beſtow'd thee on another;
Nor have I left, the Wretch's Portion, Hope.
O! *Ariſtarchus*, for the Fair I bled,
For her ruſh'd on where moſt the Danger lay,
Reſolv'd on Conqueſt, or a glorious Fall:
My Pride, O! King, was to reward her Love
With high Renown, that ſhe might juſtly boaſt
She took no vulgar Hero to her Arms;
And if I fell, with Pleaſure I foreſaw
The lovely Maid, your lov'd *Urania*, wou'd
Bedew my Aſhes with the Tears of Love.

ARISTARCHUS.

Then to my Daughter did I owe thy Service?

PHILANDER.

Yes, moſt to her; and happy is that Prince
Whoſe Leader's Motive to the War is Love.
When Beauty bids th' enamour'd Hero fly
To gather Honours on the martial Plain,
The bright Idea he preſerves in View,
And ſcours with double Force the Scenes of Death:
His Valour then encreaſes with his Love,
And *Cupid* triumphs in the Field of *Mars*.
[Philocles *approaches* Philander, *and ſpeaks*.
Soldier, thy Deeds want not the Boaſt of Words
To blaze thy Fame; this Truth a Rival owns,
Who pants to rival thee in Feats of Arms
Well as in Love: O! bear me to the Scenes
Where the brave fall, and Death in Ambuſh lys;
There *Philocles* ſhall ſtrive to be the foremoſt,
If Beauty is the Prize, or Virtue calls.

[Ariſtarchus *comes from his Throne, and ſpeaks to* Philander.

Think not, young Warrior, that I rate thy Deeds
Beneath their Merits: to thy Arm I owe
That I am now a King, and like a King
I wou'd reward the Bulwark of my State.
Had thy Requeſt been made before this Morn,
So much I prize thy Worth, thou'dſt been my Son;
Blame thy own Silence now, not my Refuſal;
For as my royal Word this Day was giv'n
To *Philocles*, I muſt not ſtain my Fame:
I ſhou'd deſcend with Sorrow to the Grave,
If I was conſcious that a Man ſurviv'd
To charge my Memory with Wrongs ſuſtain'd
From *Ariſtarchus*. *Philocles*, the Maid
Is thine by Contract; may the Hand of Heav'n
Be always over thee, to guide thy Steps
To Acts of Virtue; may thy Wife, my Daughter,
To thee be what her Mother was to me,
The Bleſſing of my Days. *Philander*, aſk
What is in me to give, aſk Half my Realm,
I'll give it thee, and be but Half a King.

PHILANDER.

O! cou'd'ſt thou, Prince, exert the Pow'r of Gods,
And bid me gaze on the blue Vault of Heav'n,
And make each Star therein a World of Gold,
Then bid thoſe Worlds be mine, an humble Shed
In a fair rural Scene, *Urania* there,
Would lay Ambition waſte.

[Philocles *to the King.*

Remember, Sir,
The Hour in which your royal Word to me
Muſt be fulfill'd. The Temple is adorn'd
In all the Pomp of Majeſty and Love;
And the Prieſt waits to join us.

PHILANDER.

PHILANDER.

Let him wait:
O! *Ariſtarchus*, weigh the mutual Love,
That has cemented long the faithful Hearts
Of thy *Urania*, and thy loyal Soldier,
Weigh it againſt the Wealth and Pomp of *Rhodes*;
Then let thy Juſtice, and paternal Love,
Determine thee to paſs thy Sentence on me.

ARISTARCHUS.

My plighted Word is not to be recall'd;
And ſhou'd I forfeit that, my Age wou'd wear
What in my Youth I ſhun'd, Diſgrace; in that
The Dignity of Kings wou'd ſuffer.

PHILOCLES.

Sir,
By my Impatience judge my Love; no more
Deſcend, by Reaſon, to convince the Man
Whom by a Word you may command to Duty.

PHILANDER.

Patience no more is Virtue; here I'll fall,
Or with my Sword I will oppoſe thy Way
To Joys which Nature never mean'd for thee.
[Philander *and* Philocles *draw their Swords*;
Ariſtarchus *interpoſes, and ſpeaks.*
This Violence committed to my Face
Deſerves a Term ſeverer than I'll give it,
And a Rebuke, young Man, thou ſhalt not have.
On your Allegiance, *Dion*, I require,
As you're my Subject, and *Philander*'s Friend,
That you will guard him well: to thee I truſt
That my pacific Roof be not diſturb'd
By that young Brawler in the Guſt of Love,
While we attend the Hymenæal Rites;
When they're perform'd your Charge is over: then
We

We ſhall expect you to partake the Joys
Of the gay Feſtival, to crown the Night
With honeſt Mirth, and hail the wedded Pair
To the bleſs'd State of Union, State of Love.
Raſh, inconſid'rate Youth, after this Hour,
Tho my Heart grieves that I muſt drive thee hence,
No more within my palace Walls be ſeen:
Be thy Eſtate thy Bounds, and there remain
Till thou haſt hear'd from me. Now, Prince of *Rhodes*,
I wait thy Nuptials.

[Ariſtarchus, Philocles, *and Attendants, go.*

SCENE II.

PHILANDER.

Dion, ſee thy Friend,
Like the firm Cedar that defys the Rage
Of Wind and Rains, but by the Fires of Heav'n
Is forc'd to yield his noble Trunc to Ruin:
Behold, and pity, me.

DION.

Yet, cheriſh Hope.

PHILANDER.

Alas! that Comfort is deny'd to me:
A reſtleſs Exile to the Plains I'll go,
And wait the Day that ſhall conclude my Sorrows.
Go, *Dion*, ſhine beneath the royal Smile,
And leave thy Friend abandon'd to his Griefs,
Who to the neighb'ring Hills ſhall make his Moan,
And now and then admit a Glimps of Joy
To ſteal upon his Soul, when he reflects
On the fair Fortune that attends thy Worth.

Haſte

Haſte to the Feſtival, where Beauty ſits
To heighten ev'ry Joy. Haſte, ſhun an Exile;
This Brawler ſhall not interrupt their Peace;
He will not, *Dion*, heap the King's Diſpleaſure
On thee for a Neglect of Duty; no,
My Soul now ſickens; and I feel the Hand
Of dire Affliction on me, that diveſts
My Breaſt of all my Strength, and tells my Heart
His faireſt Gueſt is fled, is loſt, for ever.

DION.

When I forſake thee, may the good Man's Bleſſing,
His greateſt Comfort in the Day of Sadneſs,
The Conſciouſneſs of having paſs'd his Time
Blameleſs in Reaſon's Eye, forſake me quite.
In War, or Exile, I am ſtill your Friend;
Nor will I leave you for the Smiles of Courts.
Alas! *Philander*, thou can'ſt not conceive
What Pains I ſuffer when I ſee the Man,
My other ſelf, whoſe noble Spirit preſs'd him
Foremoſt to front the boldeſt Sons of War,
Drooping beneath a diſappointed Love.

PHILANDER.

True, thou haſt ſeen me in the Hours of Blood,
Unſhock'd amidſt the various Forms of Death;
Yet, I muſt own, this unexpected Blow
Has quite ſubdu'd me. Lo! *Thalia* comes;
I will not ſtay to wreck her tender Soul
With the Recital of her Brother's Woes:
O! tell her, *Dion*, that I bear my Pains
As a Man ſhou'd: ſay what thou canſt to eaſe her.
Now I obey thee, King: O! Court, farewel,
Thou baſe Seducer of ambitious Youth:
Welcome, Ritirement ſweet, where ev'ry Hill
Shall witneſs to my unſucceſsful Love,
While thou, my Friend, the Inmate of my Heart,

Shalt

Shalt ſooth Affliction, and expel Deſpair.

[*After going ſome few Steps he returns.*

This I'd forgot: charge her to tell *Urania*,
That, while ſhe fills my happyer Rival's Arms,
I'd have her caſt into Oblivion all
Our Vows of mutual Love, leſt the Rememb'rance
Shou'd prove deſtructive to her riſing Joys.

DION.

But few the Moments which divide me from thee.

[Philander *goes.*

SCENE III.

THALIA *enters.*

THALIA.

For what Offence, ſay, for what Crime unknown,
Philander flys me? Are my fond Deſires
To eaſe his Sorrows, or to ſhare his Griefs,
Rewarded thus? Soon as the King's Commands
Were rumour'd to me, eager to perform
The Duty of a Siſter and a Friend,
I haſten'd hither; and at my Approach
Unkind he fled.

DION.

Nor Hatred, nor Neglect,
Forc'd him to ſhun thee, but a juſt Concern,
Such as thoſe know who feel what others feel;
Judge from his Words: *Thalia* comes, he cry'd;
I will not ſtay to wreck her tender Soul
With the Recital of her Brother's Woes.

THALIA,

THALIA.

And cou'dſt thou, *Dion*, let *Philander* go
A lonely Exile to the gloomy Shades,
Where Melancholy reigns, where ſad Reflection
Shall prey uninterrupted on his Mind?

DION.

Reproach me not, my Fair; to Love and Friendſhip
I give this Moment; by his own Requeſt
I here attend thee: he intreats, by me,
That you will charge *Urania* not to throw
One Thought away on him.

THALIA.

That Charge is vain;
For when her Father preſs'd her to the Temple,
Sighing ſhe cry'd *Philander* is not there.

DION.

Ill-fated Virgin! and unjuſt Decree!
O! my *Thalia*, we muſt now conſpire
To drive the Pains of diſappointed Love
From our *Philander*'s Breaſt; a Friend and Siſter
May prove Phyſicians to his troubled Mind.
Haſte, my *Thalia*, to the Solitude,
Where Innocence and Love ſecure may reſt;
Where I'll forget that e'er I ſhin'd in Arms;
Where ev'ry Hour ſhall be employ'd for thee,
To find new Ways to pleaſe: thy Brother there,
No longer kept a Stranger to our Paſſion,
Shall join our Hands, and bid our Hearts rejoice
In our ſucceſsful and our virtuous Love.

THALIA.

Haſte to the Scene, where thou ſhalt quickly meet
The Maid who gave her virgin Heart to thee;
And whoſe firſt Pride is that ſhe choſe ſo well.

Tho my Soul ill can brook the ſhort Delay,
Yet ſome Regard is due to poor *Urania*,
My true, my royal, Friend; who, now diſtracted
Betwixt the Tys of Duty and of Love,
Wants a kind helping Hand: when I have pay'd
The Debt I owe to Friendſhip and to Virtue,
To Courts I'll bid adieu, and hail the Plains,
Where Love, where Innocence, ſecurely reigns.

DION.

There ſhall your Smiles, my Fair, relieve your Slave
Of all the Torments which your Abſence gave.

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT II.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Scene the Country. Enter *Shepherds* and *Shepherdeſſes*, who dance, while another *Shepherd* addreſſes himſelf to a *Shepherdeſs* ſitting by him on a Bank: after the Dance is over the *Shepherd* and *Shepherdeſs* ſing: another *Shepherd* pipes while they dance and ſing.

Shepherdeſs.

Take me, O! Damon, *take me to thee,*
I thy Vows no longer ſhun;
Selena *in her Turn ſhall woo thee;*
Take the Prize thy Virtue won.

Shepherd.

The Hills which anſwer'd to the Meaſure
Of my ſad, complaining, Song,
Shall now return the Notes of Pleaſure,
Which to Love and thee belong.

Shepherdeſs.

When to thy Brows I leave the Willow,
And from thee and Honour ſtray,
May from our Iſle an angry Billow
Waſh me as a Stain away.

Shepherd.

Beauty and Fortune may forſake thee,
But thy Damon *never can;*
Nor Age, nor Poverty, can make thee
Hateful to thy faithful Man.

Shepherdeſs.

May my lov'd Shepherd never languiſh,
Raptur'd for a fairer Maid;
For fatal ſoon wou'd be the Anguiſh
Of Selena *once betray'd.*

Shepherd.

With no Ambition, Gods, perplex us;
All Contention hence remove;
May no diſhoneſt Paſſion vex us;
All our Strife, and Pride, be Love.

Chorus *of* Shepherds *and* Shepherdeſſes.

With no Ambition, Gods, perplex us;
All Contention hence remove;
May no diſhoneſt Paſſion vex us;
All our Strife, and Pride, be Love.

[The *Shepherds* and *Shepherdeſſes* go, when *Philander* and *Dion* appear.

SCENE

SCENE II.

PHILANDER *and* DION.

PHILANDER.

How happyer, *Dion*, are my Vaſſals here
Than is their Lord! They never felt the Pangs
Which the ambitious feel, when their proud Hopes
Are vaniſh'd like a morning Dream away;
They never, ne'er like me, unwiſely left
Their Beds of Vi'lets, and their Shades of Lime,
For the vain Glory of the Camp or Court.
O! righteous Heav'n, you've heap'd Afflictions on me,
And I deſerve them all: you gave this Wretch
A goodly Heritage, a Land of Plenty,
That pays the Lab'rer's Toil, who ſmiling comes,
And gives his firſt and faireſt Fruits to me;
Yet I ingrateful left the Scene of Bliſs
To range about the World and gather Woe.

DION.

Ceaſe your Complaints, and, as a brave Man ſhou'd,
Bear your Misfortunes with an equal Mind.
You know not what is in the Womb of Time
Reſerv'd for you.

PHILANDER.

Urania's loſt to me;
And that's a Loſs which Time cannot repair:
That is the poyſon'd Arrow which adheres
Cloſe to my Heart, and preys upon my Life.

DION

DION.

From this bright Eminence, where Nature ſmiles
Untainted by the Luxurys of Art,
Philander, caſt thine Eyes on yonder Spires,
Which proudly riſe to ſpeak the Wealth of *Cyprus*,
Caſt thine Eyes on them with Contempt and Pity:
Beneath thoſe golden Roofs Ambition waits
To tempt the heedleſs Youth; there Falſehood lys,
And Envy there, with damn'd Ingratitude.
Here Nature with a laviſh Hand adorns
The Scene with Objects to delight the Eye;
Here riſing Hills, and here the flow'ry Vales,
And ſilver Brooks, invite to Meditation:
Here may the philoſophic Soul indulge
Her Thirſt for Knowledge undiſturb'd by Noiſe;
And here, by reas'ning, may the love-ſick Mind
Find out a Cure.

PHILANDER.

Indeed you talk, my Friend,
Like one that never groan'd beneath the Pangs
Of diſappointed Love. O! flatt'ring Hope!
I once had treaſur'd all my Views of Joy
In my *Urania*; ſtill I call her mine,
So ready ſpeaks my Tongue the uſual Words;
In her I center'd ev'ry Wiſh: I fram'd
In my fond Mind no Scheme of future Pleaſure,
Propos'd no Comfort in my Days to come,
Without conſulting what I thought wou'd pleaſe
My dear *Urania* moſt: ſhe was the Soul
Of ev'ry Act, of ev'ry Wiſh; and when,
Invited by the Miſtreſs of the Feaſt,
I was prepar'd to taſte the luſcious Banquet,
An unkind Hand repell'd me, flung me down
Upon Deſpair, and ſhatter'd all my Hopes.
Perhaps beneath the Roofs we now behold,
The Prince of *Rhodes* is rifling all the Sweets,

Which

Which with a thouſand thouſand Sighs I ſought,
Which with my Blood thro armed Bands I courted.

[*A Woman ſings near them, but is not ſeen by them.*

To me in vain
The Suns ariſe,
And deck the Plain
With various Dys,
While my belov'd's away.

PHILANDER.

This, *Dion*, is a wretched Maid, whoſe Caſe
Is not unlike my own. Whoe'er thou art,
Approach me, mournful fair one, and improve
This Scene of Lamentation, and Deſpair.

[*She ſings again.*

Ye Minutes run,
Bring on the Hour,
That gives my Sun,
That has the Pow'r
To make the Midnight Day.

PHILANDER.

Again, thou charming Miniſter of Sorrow!
This is a rich Repaſt for wretched Lovers.

[*She ſings again.*

To me in vain
The Suns ariſe,
And deck the Plain
With various Dys,
While my belov'd's away.

PHILANDER.

'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe, or a Deluſion ſent
To mock my Griefs, and to compleat my Ruin!

[*He runs out, and* Dion *follows him.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

URANIA *and* THALIA *enter, both dreſſed like Shepherdeſſes,* Urania *ſinging as ſhe goes forwards.*

Which-way-e'er I turn my Eyes,
Lo! the gilded Proſpects riſe;
Flow'rs the Hills and Vales adorning,
Giving Fragrance to the Morning,
Muſic warbling from the Mountains,
And the ſweetly murm'ring Fountains,
All delighting,
All inviting,
Here to feaſt the raviſh'd Senſes.

SCENE IV.

PHILANDER *and* DION *enter.*

PHILANDER.

The Voice of my belov'd, but not the Form!

URANIA.

But in vain the Proſpects riſe
To my ſadly weeping Eyes,
Till Philander *comes to chear me;*
All is Bliſs when he is near me;
He can make the warbling Mountains,
And the ſweetly murm'ring Fountains,

All

All delighting,
All inviting;
He alone true Joy diſpenſes.

[Philander *haſtens to her, and embraces her; and while they are ſpeaking* Dion *addreſſes himſelf to* Thalia.

PHILANDER.

Thou Wonder of thy Sex, Life of my Life,
Speak, anſwer me, for my Heart pants to know,
By what ſuppriſing Chance I ſee thee here?

URANIA.

A Flood of Joy breaks in upon my Soul;
Too ſtrong for me to bear. *Thalia* ſpeak;
Inform thy Brother how I ſhun'd the Snare
Lay'd for my virgin Heart.

PHILANDER.

My Siſter too!
Welcome thou friendly Maid! O! quickly tell me
To what I owe that I am now redeem'd,
From all the Miſerys of black Deſpair,
To Joys unſpeakable?

THALIA.

Soon as the Prieſt
Began the nuptial Rites, *Urania* droop'd
Like a fair Flow'r beneath a Storm; the Blood
Forſak'd her Cheeks: Life ſeem'd a-while retir'd;
And all was ſuddenly one Face of Sadneſs.
No Care was wanted, and no Art untry'd,
To bring her to herſelf: to me the King
Committed her in Truſt, and cry'd the Hand
That ſaves my Child from Death preſerves my Age
From Woes incurable: before the Morn
Aroſe to glad the Swains, we fled from Court,
Attir'd as you behold.

PHILANDER.

O! my *Urania*,
I gaze upon thee like a Wretch exil'd
From the fair Manſions of eternal Bliſs,
Shut out from Day to blackeſt Scenes of Horror,
And in an unexpected Moment call'd
Again to revel in the Fields of Light:
A fairer Proſpect meets his raviſh'd Eyes
Than he before beheld; each Beauty ſeems
Doubly improv'd, and dazzles ev'ry Senſe.
[Dion, *holding the Hand of* Thalia.
Amidſt the Joys which now ſurround my Friend,
Dion with great Humility prefers
This one Requeſt. Long has this heav'nly Maid,
Preſs'd by repeated Vows of Love from me,
Plighted her virgin Heart; my Friend's Conſent
Alone is wanted to compleat our Joy.

PHILANDER.

You aſk no more than I rejoice to give.

DION.

Bleſs'd be the Hour that to your Eyes reſtores
The Object of your Wiſhes, who alone
Can reconcile you to yourſelf, and make
Life worth preſerving, bleſs'd the Voice that gave
A Sanction to my Love. *Thalia*, now
The Glory of the Camp, and Pomp of Courts,
Ceaſe to allure me; all my future Pride
Shall be to wear out Life in pleaſing thee.

THALIA.

And all my Days to come ſhall be employ'd
In ſtriving, *Dion*, to deſerve thy Love.

PHILANDER.

PHILANDER.

Still, my divine *Urania*, I've my Fears;
Methinks I now behold the aged King
Extravagant in Grief; and ſoon perhaps
Thou may'ſt again be torn from thy *Philander*.
So often, *Dion*, I have try'd thy Friendſhip,
That I deſpair not of thy kind Aſſiſtance
In what I aſk of thee. While I remain
In this Retirement with thy lov'd *Thalia*,
And with the Fair whoſe Preſence gives me Life,
Return to Court, and there awhile reſide,
That your Intelligence from thence may aid us.

DION.

I go, and may th' Event not croſs our Wiſhes.

[Dion *goes*.

SCENE V.

PHILANDER.

My lov'd *Urania*, ever conſtant Fair,
Whoſe Preſence wou'd adorn the Deſart wild,
Since you have grac'd theſe Plains, and bleſs'd my Eyes
With thy dear Form, the Lilly fairer blooms,
The Roſe now bluſhes with a lovelyer Red,
And a more chearful Verdure glads the Sight;
The gentle Gales with richer Odours fly
To feaſt the Scent; from ev'ry Hill and Vale,
From ev'ry Grove, a ſweeter Melody
Dys on the raviſh'd Ear: the Soul, before
Employ'd in grieving for an abſent Love,

Senſeleſs to all that courted her to Pleaſure,
Exults, and grows luxurious in Delight.

URANIA.

Now mutual is our Joy: e'en Paradiſe,
Where all Things fairer bloom, as Sages ſay,
Without *Philander*, cou'd afford no Bliſs.

PHILANDER.

Was I, *Urania*, doom'd from thee to ſtay,
Tho in Elyſium's faireſt, ſweeteſt, Bow'rs,
Each Hour to me wou'd ſeem a tedious Day;
And with thee Ages I ſhou'd count but Hours.

The End of the ſecond ACT.

ACT III.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Scene the Palace of Ariſtarchus.

PHILOCLES and DION.

YES, *Dion*, I beheld the royal Maid
With Adoration; all my Thoughts by Day,
And all my Dreams by Night, were of *Urania*;
Th' Ideas of my Soul were all confin'd
To her; her ev'ry Geſture, ev'ry Word,
Enrich'd my Mind with Images of Love.

DION.

The more you lov'd the brighter ſhines your Glory:
Who but a Prince with ev'ry Virtue crown'd
Cou'd act like you? That Title which you claim'd,
From a King's Promiſe, from a Parent's Word,
You greatly have reſign'd, and forc'd your Tongue
To plead *Philander*'s Cauſe.

PHILOCLES.

The good and brave
Are always Friends; nor was I e'er his Foe.
While I might hope to make *Urania* mine
I ſtop'd not my Purſuit; but now I find

The

The Cement of their Love ſo ſtrong, my Joy
Shall be to make them happy, and myſelf
Leſs wretched than I ſhou'd be, if I ſtriv'd
Still to divide them. With this Sigh I give
My unſucceſsful Paſſion to the Wind.
The Prince of *Rhodes*, *Philander*, is thy Friend,
And will be foremoſt, when he meets thee next,
To give thee Proofs of his avow'd Eſteem.
I'd rather, *Dion*, take the marble Form,
To my Embraces, than the living Maid
Cold as the Marble to my eager Love.
Have you prepar'd to let *Philander* know
How much I prize his Worth, and ſeek his Eaſe?

DION.

I have; and he's, 'e're now, arriv'd at Court.
Behold the mournful Majeſty of *Cyprus*:
In ſolemn Sadneſs comes the aged King,
With Grief depreſs'd, yet aweful in his Sorrows.

SCENE II.

ARISTARCHUS *enters with Attendants.*

ARISTARCHUS.

If ſhe is loſt, the Idol of my Eyes,
The richeſt Jewel that adorn'd my Crown,
If ſhe is loſt, within my Walls no more
Be hear'd the Voice of Joy; henceforth may Peace
Forſake my Dwelling: let theſe hoary Locks
Henceforth be circled with a Crown of Thorns,
This purple Robe, the Badge of Royalty,
Be chang'd to Sackcloth. Till my Child returns
Nightly the marble Floor ſhall catch my Tears,

This

This aged Body ſhall no more enjoy
A gentle ſlumber on the Bed of Down.

PHILOCLES.

Be patient, Sir, the Hand of ſad Affliction
May ſoon withdraw, and the loſt Maid may come
To bleſs your Age with greater Happyneſs
Than ever yet you taſted.

ARISTARCHUS.

Wou'd ſhe come,
And was *Philander* but an humble Slave,
He ſhou'd receive her to his longing Arms.
[Philocles *aſide to* Dion.
Haſte, *Dion*, to relieve the wretched King,
And wipe the Tears from weeping Majeſty.
[Dion *goes*.

SCENE III.

PHILOCLES.

Let not the Majeſty of *Cyprus* droop
While you have Room for Hope: your faithful Slaves,
Obſequious to your Will, are now employ'd
In ſearching out the Fair; nor has my Care,
As ſoon perhaps th' Event may witneſs for me,
Been wanted to reſtore that Peace of Mind,
Which you enjoy'd while your *Urania* ſmil'd
Beneath your Eye, and charm'd the Heart of Age.

ARISTARCHUS.

O! *Philocles*, perhaps the love-ſick Maid,
The darling of my Soul, now frantic roves
Over the deſart Heath, her Treſſes looſe,

And

And talks romantic to the whiſtling Winds!
E'en now perhaps ſhe loads my Age with Curſes,
Or is perhaps no more: ſupport me, Prince.
[*He leans on* Philocles.

SCENE IV.

Enter PHILANDER, DION, URANIA, *and* THALIA.

PHILOCLES.

Welcome, *Philander*, to the Court, and me;
May all our Meetings give you Joy like this.
Lift up your Eyes, great Sir, and ſee the faireſt,
The pureſt, Work of the creating Hand;
Behold your own *Urania*.

ARISTARCHUS.

Bleſs the Tongue
That nam'd *Urania*, who alone can raiſe
Deſire of Life in my declining Age.
[Urania *goes towards the King, and kneels.*
If, royal Sir, you can forgive a Maid,
That left a Court, my Father, and my King,
To be Companion to an exil'd Man,
Pour down your Grace on me: that I repent
I cannot ſay, or if I ſhou'd, that Word
Wou'd ſink the Merit of my Love; a Love,
Which nor the Baits of Empire, nor the Frowns
Of Majeſty, a Parent, nor of Fortune,
Nor any Pow'r, except the Foe of Life,
Can drive from my ſincere, afflicted, Heart;
A Heart too fix'd, too faithful, to admit
A Rival to *Philander*.

ARISTARCHUS.

ARISTARCHUS.

Riſe, my Child,
And be uninterrupted Joy your Dow'r.
Here, with this Kiſs, which a fond Parent gives,
I freely grant thee Privilege to aſk
All that the Fondneſs of thy Soul can wiſh;
Which I will anſwer, to my Stretch of Pow'r,
With all th' Indulgence of a tender Father.

URANIA.

My late Offence, I cannot ſay my Crime,
May tell my royal Father what Requeſt
Is neareſt to my Heart: why did I fly
The Court and you, but for *Philander*'s Love?

ARISTARCHUS.

O! had I known thee ſafe beneath the Care
Of thy belov'd, Affliction had not layed
Her Hand ſo heavy on me: my fond Fears
Fram'd the ſad Image of my Age's Darling
Roving regardleſs of herſelf, no Guide
But her own Frenzy, and uncertain Chance:
Now I have found thee, I with Joy bequeath thee
Another's Right thro Life. *Philander*, take her,
And, in beſtowing her, think that I give thee
What's dearer to me than my Crown. Thou know'ſt
My ſtrict Attachment to my royal Word,
Plighted to *Philocles*, was the ſole Cauſe
Of our late ſhort, but tedious, Separation:
Be that forgot; and let one Face of Joy
Now thro our Iſle be ſeen. The Prince of *Rhodes*,
Gen'rous as royal, has ſubdu'd his Heart,
And pleaded for his Rival. Now, my Son,
With a glad Mind, and an unbroken Vow,
I give her to thee: be your Hours of Joy
According to your Virtues.

PHILANDER.

Royal Sir,
Words cannot well expreſs the Worth ſupreme
Of the fair Gift; and ſince they can not ſpeak
My Senſe of Gratitude, my Actions ſhall:
To her Deſires I will devote my Days,
And by my future Deeds approve myſelf
A loyal Subject, and a duteous Son.
Forgive me, *Philocles*, thou bright Example
Of princely Virtue, my too long Delay
Of rend'ring Thanks for thy Benevolence.
Prince, from this Hour you may command my Sword;
To you my Heart's in ſacred Friendſhip join'd,
And Gratitude's my Bond, which Death alone
Shall cancel from my Heart.

PHILOCLES.

My Fate deny'd
That I ſhou'd be ſucceſsful in my Love,
But, in Exchange, has bleſs'd me with a Friend,
Whoſe Virtues will adorn the great Allyance.
Urania, fruitful be your nuptial Bed:
You only cou'd deſerve the Man, whoſe Worth
Gives him a Title to the lovely'ſt Maid.
When I have ſeen the marriage Rites fulfill'd,
I'll ſail to *Rhodes*, where ev'ry riſing Sun
Shall witneſs to my zealous Pray'rs, preferr'd
For the Continuance of our mutual Safety.

PHILANDER.

For which I'll breath my dayly Vows to Heav'n.
Now that my Friend may be as bleſs'd as I am,
Dion, receive what your unſully'd Faith,
And your brave Soul have merited from me.
Thalia, now in giving thee to *Dion*,
I give thee, what thou can'ſt not prize too much,
An honourable Huſband. The ſame Hour,

In

In which the Prieſt ſhall join me to *Urania*,
Shall give my much lov'd Siſter to my Friend.

DION.

All that I beg'd of Heav'n I now receive
From you; without your Friendſhip and her Love
The Pomp and Wealth of Empires wou'd but ſerve
To dreſs Affliction with the Face of Joy.

PHILANDER.

Urania, heav'nly Fair, from our Example
May future Lovers learn to perſevere
In Conſtancy and Virtue: tho awhile
The Parent may oppoſe the growing Paſſion,
The kindly Workings of paternal Love,
Urg'd by the voice of Reaſon, plead too ſtrongly
To be withſtood; or ſhou'd a Father prove
Deaf to the Dictates of th' unerring Guide,
Immortal Reaſon, ſad Experience ſoon
Wou'd teach him his Miſtake, wou'd load his Age
With Woes, the Fruit of his obdurate Heart:
This Truth the godlike *Ariſtarchus* knows,
Who wiſely liſten'd to the Voice divine,
That pointed out the Way to Happyneſs
To us and to himſelf. Honour and Love
Now triumph Hand in Hand; and my fond Heart
Bounds raptur'd with Extravagance of Bliſs.
With Joys unnumber'd are their Moments crown'd,
With Virtue whoſe ſincere Affections move;
Pleaſures, by Vice unſully'd, wait around
Where ſpotleſs Honour makes the Bed of Love.

The END.

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs CHARKE.

THIS Prince of Rhodes, *methinks, did not diſcover*
The genuine Tokens of a perfect Lover;
He ſeems to me much of the dangling Kind,
Such often as at Court, and ——— * *here we find.*
The Dangler is that Species of the Beaus
Whoſe Commendation moſt is in his Cloaths,
Who, of a Lover to obtain the Fame,
Firſt on a publick Whiſper builds his Name,
And, when he 'as dangled thro a tedious Year,
Gets full Poſſeſſion——of the Lady's Ear;
He aims no farther; for a cloſe Careſs
Wou'd chafe his Skin, and diſcompoſe his Dreſs:
He never will, poor Thing, himſelf betray,
Like Lady Grace, *who once was hear'd to ſay*
The Pettycoat is an improper Place
For Bugles: why? Becauſe they ſcratch'd her Face:
A Dangler is——in ſhort, he is a No=man,
That loves himſelf too well to love a Woman.

Give me the Man, (ſay, Ladys, am I right?)
Who, rather than reſign the Maid, wou'd fight,

* Pointing to thoſe behind the Scenes.

Who

Who wou'd, with Sword in Hand, the Fort invade,
And ſhew the Virtues of a ——— puſhing Blade:
But hold: what can I of our Princeſs ſay,
Who ſeems to love out of the modern Way?
She might, to pleaſe her Sire, and end all Strife,
Have yielded to be made the Prince's Wife;
Then of two Arrows to her Bow ſecure,
She ſhou'd have us'd that moſt that ſhot moſt ſure,
And might have, when catch'd tripping in her Game,
On her hard-hearted Father lay'd the Blame.

Our Poet ſays, perhaps more nice than wiſe,
Such Objects are unfit for virgin Eyes;
He, by Example, rather choſe to prove
That they are happyeſt who with Honour love.

The END.

CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE

STAGE, &c.

CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE

STAGE,

AND ON THE

ADVANTAGES

Which ariſe to a

NATION

From the Encouragement of ARTS.

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR 1731.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE STAGE, &c.

CHAP. I.

The INTRODUCTION.

AS the Stage, on which Tragedy and Comedy are acted, is, from the various Characters repreſented on it, almoſt an Epitome of the great Stage of Life, if is worthy the Conſideration of the wiſeſt and beſt of Men; and ſince ſeveral grave Divines have thought fit to write and preach againſt dramatic Performances, I ſhall endeavour to point out the Benefits ariſing from them when under proper

Regulations, and to ſhew how much they conduce to the Advancement of Virtue, and conſequently to the Deſtruction of Vice.

THEY who are converſant with the antient *Greek* and *Roman* Authors know in what high Eſteem Plays were ſupported by antient *Greece* and *Rome*, and at a Time when the Glory of thoſe Nations had arrived to the full Meridian, at a Time when the *Greeks* and *Romans* were leſs tenacious of their Lives than of their Virtue, when they were ſo jealous of the latter, that they would ſuffer Nothing to continue among them that could derogate from it, or that could not add a Luſter to the *Greek* and *Roman* Name. Such Repreſentations doubtleſs had not been maintained among them, and at a public Expence, if the good Effect which they had on the Minds of the People was not viſible. When the liberal Arts flouriſhed with them, *Greece* and *Rome* were the Admiration of the World; and when thoſe ceaſed to be their Care, they ceaſed to awe Mankind, and gradually leſſened in the Eyes of the Kingdoms about them.

I SHALL not here pretend to anſwer any particular Perſon who has wrote againſt the Stage; for I do not remember one Work on that Side of the Queſtion which is not entirely unworthy our particular Notice.

MOST of the Critics, as they are vulgarly and wrongly called, on both Sides, ſeem in their Writings to miſtake Pedantry

For

for Learning, and Cavilling for Argument, and by a dull and fruitleſs Prolixity tire their Readers before they have drudged Half thro their Works. I ſhall obviate the Objections which can be made to the Encouragement of dramatic Poetry, by ſhewing the Advantages which ariſe from it.

——— *Pectus Præceptis format amicis,*

Aſperitatis, & Invidiæ, Corrector, & Iræ;

Rectè Facta refert; orientia Tempora notis

Inſtruit Exemplis; inopem ſolatur & ægrum.

What *Horace* here ſays to *Auguſtus* of Poetry in General may, more properly than to any other Species, be applyed to dramatic Poetry in Particular; *that forms the Heart with friendly Precepts; that is the Corrector of Severity, Envy, and Anger; that relates Facts as they are, and inſtructs each riſing Age by known Examples; and that adminiſters Comfort to the poor and the diſtreſſed.* The Taſk will not be difficult to prove that dramatic Poetry anſwers every End propoſed in theſe Words of *Horace.* I ſhall examine three favourite dramatic Pieces, a Tragedy, a Comedy, and an Opera; and as I intend this as a moral Criticiſm on the Stage, I ſhall confine my-ſelf chiefly to the Morality of thoſe Pieces, and point out the Effect which they muſt naturally have in their Operation on the Minds of the Spectators.

BEFORE

BEFORE I conclude my Conſiderations on this Subject, I ſhall demonſtrate how conſiſtent the Succeſs of Arts is with the Intereſt and Fame of a Nation, and how they go Hand in Hand together; and to the Examples which I ſhall produce, in Juſtifycation of what I ſay, I ſhall add ſuch Arguments as are deduced from the Nature of Things.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

On *TRAGEDY.*

A Criticiſm on King LEAR.

THE Tragedy on which I chooſe to make my Remarks is *King LEAR*, as altered from *Shakeſpeare* by *Tate*; becauſe almoſt every Character in that Play is an Inſtance of Virtue being rewarded and Vice puniſhed.

WHO can behold *Lear*, in the Beginning of the firſt Act, making that partial Diſpoſition of his Dominions, inveſting the Huſbands of *Goneril* and *Regan* with the Dower of *Cordelia*, becauſe ſhe ſayed ſhe would love her Huſband as well as her Father, without deſpiſing the choleric old King for ſo raſh and unjuſt a Reſolution? And what aggravates his Fault is his being deaf to the friendly Reprehenſions of *Kent*, and baniſhing him for giving his Advice, which, if regarded, would have prevented his committing ſo groſs an Error. When we ſee *Goneril*, at the End of the firſt Act, depriving him of Half his Train, we are ſcarcely inclined to pity him, ſo ſtrong is his

his injuſtice to poor *Cordelia* imprinted in our Minds; but when he flys from *Goneril* to *Regan* for Comfort, who is for diſmiſſing all his Train, the Ingratitude and Undutyfulneſs of the two Daughters raiſe our Deteſtation to ſuch a Height, that we loſe the Remembrance of the Father's Offence to *Cordelia* in our Compaſſion for him. When he is turned out to the Inclemencys of the Storm, caſt from a Throne to the loweſt Degree of Miſery, we view him as a Prince whoſe Weakneſs urged him on to an Act of Injuſtice, and whoſe Sufferings are the natural Conſequences of his Raſhneſs; yet we pity him, and are apt to think his Puniſhment too rigid. The ſincere Repentance for, and the juſt Senſe, which he ſhews, of, the Wrongs which he had heaped on *Kent* and *Cordelia*, and the pathetic Manner in which he expreſſes himſelf, engage us to be Sharers in his Woes, and to wiſh him a ſpeedy Relief from them.

O! KENT, CORDELIA,
You are the only Pair that I e'er wrong'd,
And the juſt Gods have made you Witneſſes
Of my Diſgrace, the very Shame of Fortune,
To ſee me chain'd and ſhackled at theſe Years!
Yet were you but Spectators of my Woes,
Not Fellow-ſufferers, all were well.

WHEN he utters theſe Words he is in Expectation of Death from thoſe whom he had raiſed to Empire; but he is ſoon freed from the Fears of it by being reſtored to his Throne; on which he places *Edgar* and *Cordelia*, as a Reward due to their Virtue.

GLOSTER

GLOSTER is more the Object of our Compaſſion than *Lear*, becauſe he has ſome Reaſon for treating his Son *Edgar* as he did; for tho *Edgar* was innocent, *Gloſter* had Cauſe to think him guilty, being impoſed upon by *Edmund*, who ſhewed him a Letter as from his Brother conſpiring againſt the Life of his Father; which was ſo well counterfeited that *Gloſter* had no Reaſon to diſpute it being wrote by *Edgar*. The filial Piety of *Edgar* and *Cordelia* to their Parents, and the Loyalty and Fidelity of *Kent* to his Prince, notwithſtanding the Injurys which they had ſuffered from them, engage our Wiſhes in their Behalf; while they ſhare their Fortune in the moſt miſerable Part of it, eager to adminiſter what Relief they can to the wretched, we approve of, and admire, their Virtue; and where we admire and approve we ſeldom want an Inclination to imitate.

WHILE *Lear* and the Companions of his Wretchedneſs are almoſt without Hopes, unerring Nature is purſuing her Courſe; the Vices of *Goneril*, *Regan*, and *Edmund*, are working their own Ruin, and the Upriſing of thoſe whom their Cruelty had reduced to the loweſt State of Miſery. Here is a Leſſon *that adminiſters Comfort to the poor and the diſtreſſed.* From the Fortunes of *Lear* and his Followers Wretches, whoſe Wretchedneſs was accompliſhed by the Crimes of other Perſons, may learn to hope that the ſame Propenſity to Evil that urged their Enemys wrongfully to effect their Fall, will impel them to ſuch

Actions as ſhall render them unable to preſerve what they have unjuſtly acquired, and thereby be the Cauſe of reſtoring the injured to their Right. Such is the Caſe betwixt *Lear* and his Daughters, and *Gloſter* and his Sons. While *Cordelia*, *Gloſter*, *Egdar*, and *Kent*, are in the moſt deſperate Condition, *Goneril*, *Regan*, *Edmund*, and *Cornwall*, are filling up the Meaſure of their Sins, which produce their own Puniſhment. *Goneril* and *Regan* are both falſe to the marriage Bed; both make *Edmund* the Object of their looſe Deſires; and he endeavours to gratify them both: their Paſſion for *Edmund* is known to both; Jealouſy is the Conſequence of that Knowledge; and they are both poyſoned, one by the other. Of the two Huſbands of *Goneril* and *Regan*, *Cornwall* only aſſents to the Cruelty of his Wife; and he is killed by the Servant whom he wounded for crying out againſt the Barbarity of pulling out *Gloſter*'s Eyes. *Edmund* is not only guilty of Adultery with the two Siſters, and of Undutyfulneſs and Treachery to his Father, and Falſehood to his Brother, but of Treaſon to *Albany* his Prince; and he falls by the Hands of his Brother *Edgar*, whoſe Challenge to *Edmund* is the Occaſion of the Affair being ſet in a juſt Light to *Albany*, who from the Beginning ſhews a Diſlike to the Proceedings of *Goneril* his Wife, and is Acceſſary to the Reſtoration of *Lear*; he therefore is ſucceſsful in the Cataſtrophe.

NOW we have gone thro the Buſyneſs of the Play, let us ſum up the moral Inferences which are to be made from it. *Edmund*, *Cornwall*, *Goneril*, and *Regan*, are diſloyal to their Prince, undutyful to their Parents, and every Way falſe to their Truſt; their Crimes are attended with ſo many horrid Circumſtances, that their Puniſhment is ſcarcely adequate to their Guilt. *Lear* and *Gloſter* had offended, but more, to Appearance, thro an Error of the Judgement than the Will; they are puniſhed; they are made ſenſible of their Errors, and are placed in a State of Tranquility and Eaſe, agreeable to their Age and Condition, with *Kent* whoſe Loyalty remained unſhocked to the laſt, rejoicing at the Felicity of *Edgar* and *Cordelia*, whom they had wronged, and who forſaked them not in the Hour of Diſtreſs, and who cheriſhed a virtuous Love each for the other.

I HAVE read many Sermons, but remember no one that contains ſo fine a Leſſon of Morality as this Play. Here is Loyalty to a Prince, Duty to a Parent, Perſeverance in a chaſt Love, and almoſt every exalted Virtue of the Soul, recommended in the lovelyeſt Colours; and the oppoſite Vices are placed in the ſtrongeſt Light in which Horror and Deteſtation can place them. The Poet in this Play ſeems to labour at one Point which that great, that wiſe, and good, Man Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* laboured at in moſt of his Sermons, which is to convince Mankind that, if we extend our Happyneſs no farther than the Grave, the Intereſt of all Mankind is to purſue Vir-

tue and fly from Vice, that the firſt is, in the Nature of itſelf, productive of Joy, and the latter of Miſery. The Poet has anſwered this End as much as he could in a Play; for had *Lear* been juſt to the Virtues of *Cordelia*, he had not wanted a Refuge when he fled from the Diſobedience of *Goneril* and *Regan*: I bring this Example, and leave the Reader to try every other Character of the Play, and in every Circumſtance, to ſee if they will not juſtify the Truth of this Obſervation. The Poet ſhews in this Tragedy that the Vengeance of Heaven co-operates, as indeed it always does, with the natural Courſe of Things; and when Virtue meets her due Reward, we may ſay, with *Cordelia*, *there are Gods, and Virtue is their Care*; for the all-wiſe Diſpoſer of all Things has from the Beginning annexed Rewards to Virtue, and Puniſhment to Vice; and in theſe we find Nature as conſiſtent with herſelf, as when we behold the Trees producing their proper Fruit. What more profitable Leſſon can the People be taught than this? Virtue is the inexhauſtible Fountain of Joy, and Vice of Miſery; and this Leſſon the Stage more effectually teaches than a Sermon; becauſe the Spectators have before their Eyes the Actions, and the Cauſes of them; they ſee the Effects, and how they operate, and are convinced that they are the natural Conſequences of ſuch Cauſes; the Impreſſion therefore that they muſt make in their Minds muſt certainly be in Favour of what ſeems lovely in their Eyes, and fruitful of Happyneſs; and we cannot ſuppoſe that they will ſoon enter on any Action like what they were juſt before inſtructed

ſtructed to behold with Horror and Deteſtation; and which is attended with inevitable Woe.

AS the ſuperior Characters in Life are the propereſt for Tragedy, the moſt exalted Paſſions are generally repreſented in them; but as the Repreſentation of the Virtues and Vices of the different Ranks among the inferior Part of Mankind are not leſs uſeful, I ſhall proceed to Comedy, the Province of ſuch Characters.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

On *COMEDY*.

A Criticiſm on the Squire of ALSATIA.

I SHALL make ſome few Obſervations on *Shadwell*'s Comedy called *the Squire of ALSATIA*, with the ſame Candour with which I examined into the Tragedy of *King LEAR*, confining myſelf, as in that, chiefly to the moral Part. In the firſt Act we ſee a young Fellow who had been reared up in the Country under a rigid Father in a ſervile Manner, reſtrained from every Pleaſure that Youth might reaſonably expect, and never allowed any Money to diſpoſe of according to his own Will. The Father being obliged to go to *Holland*, the Son takes the Advantage of his Abſence, and goes to *London*; where he falls into the Hands of Sharpers, who know him to be Heir to an Eſtate of three thouſand Pounds a Year, which is entailed on him; on the Credit of which they ſupply him with Money,

Money, and lead him into Scenes of Drunkenneſs, and Leudneſs, and make him their Prey, by raiſing Sums at exorbitant Intereſt on the Reverſion of the Eſtate. The Father, Sir *William Belfond*, returns from *Holland* ſix Weeks ſooner than expected; and, coming to *London* before he goes into the Country, he treats with Mr *Scrapeall*, a Uſurer, whoſe Niece has twenty thouſand Pounds in his Hands, he being appointed her Guardian, about a Match for his Son, whom he ſuppoſes employed, as he left him, in his country Affairs at Home. Mr *Scrapeall* agrees to ſell her to him for five thouſand Pounds, and is at the ſame Time furniſhing his Son with Money and Goods at unreaſonable Intereſt, and endeavouring to get deep into the Reverſion of the Eſtate. Sir *William* meets his Brother Sir *Edward Belfond*, talks of his own Happyneſs in a hopeful Son, whom he had brought up according to his Deſire. He complains greatly of his younger Son, whom Sir *Edward*, who is a Bachelor, had adopted, and bred from his Childhood. Sir *Edward* gave him a liberal Education, and ſent him to the polite Parts of the World to improve by Travel, and at his Return treated him with the Freedom and Candour of a Friend, and not with the Authority of a Parent; he layed no Reſtraint on his Inclinations, nor ſtinted him in his Expences. This Behaviour made the Nephew deſirous of concealing no Part of his Conduct from him, and careful not to act to his own Diſhonour nor to the Uneaſyneſs of his Uncle. He enjoyed his Friend, his Glaſs, and his Miſtreſs; all

which

which Sir *Edward* knew, and reaſonably accounted for the Levitys of Youth to his Brother, when he complained of his Son.

BEFORE I relate any more of the Buſyneſs of the Play, let us enquire into the Conſequence of the Manners in which theſe two Gentlemen educated their Sons. Sir *William* debarred his Son from all Kinds of Pleaſure, and uſed him rather like a Slave; we are not therefore to wonder if he embraced the firſt Opportunity to taſte, what makes Life moſt worth preſerving, Liberty, and when he found the Sweets of it, if he was for maintaining it at any Rate. Sir *Edward*'s Son, who had no Reſtraint layed on him, had no Occaſion to uſe any little Arts, or to watch an Opportunity, to deceive a rigid Father. The Buſyneſs of his Days was to indulge his Inclinations; which he did in a moderate Way, and ſoon purged himſelf of the few Levitys to which the Fire of Youth ſubjected him. I ſhall now point out ſome particular Dangers which ſuch an Education as Sir *William Belfond* gave his elder Son often throws Youth into, and which are well repreſented in this Play. The firſt Step which his elder Son took, after he came to *London*, was to get Money, without conſidering the Conſequence of his Manner of getting it, not thinking how the Reverſion of the Eſtate might be ſwallowed up by the Principal, and the Exorbitance of the Intereſt. In ſuch a Condition as this he was liable to be impoſed upon, to the Ruin of the Peace of all his future Life, by marrying a Whore whom his

his Brother had caſt off, the Sharpers about him bringing her to him for a great Fortune; and Accidents like theſe we often ſee, as the Effects of a too ſevere Education. The younger Son comes to the Knowledge of his Brother being in the Hands of Cheats; and freeing him from them, he reſtores him to his Father; who, convinced of his Error in being too auſtere, ſettles five hundred Pounds a Year on him for his Expences. Young *Belfond* marrys the Uſurer's Niece, who went from her Uncle, and deluded his Hopes of having five thouſand Pounds for marrying her to the eldeſt Brother. The Cheats are all puniſhed for their Roguery; and the Women, whom young *Belfond* had made ſubſervient to his Pleaſures, have Reparation in a reaſonable Fortune which the Uncle gives them; and young *Belfond* makes this Inference from his paſſed State, and preſent Condition, *there is no Peace but in a virtuous Life.* An Audience, which is convinced of the good Effects of Sir *Edward Belfond*'s prudent Management of his Son, will not go contrary to it when they have Occaſion to follow the Example; nor is the Conſequence of Sir *William*'s Manner of Behaviour any Encouragement to follow it. The Lenity of Sir *Edward*, and his taking proper Opportunitys to inſtill ſuch Maxims into his Son as theſe, *young Fellows will never get Knowledge but at their own Coſt, there's Nothing but Anxiety in Vice, and every drunken Fit is a ſhort Madneſs, that cuts off a*

good Part of Life, made his Son reflect on his Actions, and profit from every Reflection; but the Severity of Sir *William* made his Son eager in Purſuit of what he had been tyrannically reſtrained from, and had ſo blunted his Underſtanding that he was ſcarcely capable of enjoying the Benefit of Reflection, till Deſtruction, the Product of Vice and Folly, ſtared him in the Face.

WHERE can Youth more properly go than where they are not only taught, but have preſented to their Eyes, what are the Rewards of Virtue, and what the woeful Fruits of Vice? The Wit and Humour of a Comedy may be the chief Inducements to the greater Part of the Audience to come to the Repreſentation of it; and if ſo, the Argument for this Sort of dramatic Poetry is very ſtrong; becauſe the Objects of Pleaſure are made the Lures to Inſtruction. The ſame Argument ſerves for thoſe who are charmed to the Theatre by the Sublimity of the Diction, or any other Excellence, in Tragedy.

A STORY regularly told, full of various and ſurpriſing Circumſtances, and dreſſed with all the Ornaments with which a great Genius is able to adorn it, muſt, without Diſpute, be allowed to gain Attention more than a mere Diſcourſe of moral Precepts; and when the ſame Story is preſented to the Eye, with the Advantages of Action, the Attention which it gains muſt

muſt be greater, and the Impreſſion which it makes in the Minds of the Spectators much deeper, than when related only. This laſt Remark is juſt both on Tragedy and Comedy.

CHAP. IV.

On OPERAS, and the Force of Muſic.

A Criticiſm on ADDISON'S Roſamond.

I HAVE, from the Tragedy of *King LEAR*, and the Comedy of *the Squire of* ALSATIA, pointed out the Benefits ariſing from dramatic Writings; but ſince the preſent prevailing Taſte of many, who frequent our Theatres, ſeems to be confined to that Sort of dramatic Poetry commonly called Operas, ſome Obſervations on them will not be improper here. As my Intent in theſe Conſiderations on the Stage is to ſhew the Effect of dramatic Performances on the human Mind, confining my ſelf chiefly to the moral Part, what I have ſayed of Tragedy and Comedy may likewiſe be ſayed of Operas; for the Fable of an Opera ought to be as regularly conducted, and the Characters as juſtly maintained, as in a Tragedy

gedy or Comedy; and the Poet ought to propoſe the ſame moral End in one as in the other; and one contains as large a Province for the Exerciſe of a fine Genius as either of the other.

AN Opera, with all the Circumſtances neceſſary to make a Tragedy compleat in Fable, Sentiments, and Diction, ſet to Muſic by a maſterly Hand, and performed with Juſtice to the poetical and muſical Compoſitions, would have an Advantage over Tragedy, when without the Aid of Muſic; for the poetical Beautys would have the ſame Admirers which they would have if the Work was not ſet to Muſic; and the Excellence of the Muſic would be a Temptation to many, who are not fond of Tragedy, to come to the Performance of an Opera; and the Agreeableneſs of an Air is the Reaſon why many Perſons retain the Words of a Song, who would otherwiſe not think that Song ſo much worth their Remembrance: Muſic therefore may be properly ſayed, if the Song has any moral Sentiments in it, to be one of the Channels of Morality to the Mind; becauſe when the Sounds are well adapted to the Senſe of the Words, the Words muſt undoubtedly make a ſtronger Impreſſion in the Minds of thoſe whom the Muſic tempted to learn the Song than they would without the Muſic; for many Perſons, after the firſt hearing or reading the Words of a Song, not ſet to Muſic, never think of them again. What I have ſayed of the Force of Muſic is juſt, whether

whether the Words are on a tragic or comic Subject.

I can not ſay I am charmed with the Recitative of an Opera as ſome are; and I can not conceive why an Opera would not appear more advantageouſly without than with it, ſince the Muſic of the *Song* only is what dwells in the Memory, and what the Lovers of Muſic ſeem only deſirous of remembering. The only Defence which I ever heared of the Recitative of an Opera, is that the Compoſer of the Muſic deſigns that Part of the Muſic of the Recitative which immediately precedes the Song as a proper introduction to the Muſic of the Song; but I think that may well be ſupplyed by a ſhort Introduction to the vocal Muſic by inſtrumental; or the Actor may be directed to alter the Tone of his Voice, towards the Concluſion of the Words which immediately precede the Song, in ſuch a Manner as may properly introduce the Air.

THE Reader will eaſyly perceive that I am not ſpeaking of ſuch Rubbiſh as has followed the *Beggar's Opera*, but of a grander Sort of Operas, tho I do not deny that a Ballad-opera may be wrote worthy Commendation. The Words indeed of moſt of the *Italian* Operas are below Criticiſm; but if *Engliſh* Operas, well wrote and ſet to as excellent Muſic as moſt of the *Italian* Operas have been for ſome Years paſſed, were well performed on our Stages,

the

the good Effects on the Audience would be many, and the Profits not few to the Managers of our Theatres.

ADDISON's Roſamond is a beautyful Piece of Poetry both in the Fable and in the Language, and, if ſet to good Muſic and well performed, would certainly encreaſe the Numbers of Admirers which it already has, and for the Reaſons which I have already given. I ſhould not make any Remarks on this Opera, if it did not anſwer the End, which I firſt layed down as the principal End, of dramatic Poetry, the Encouragement of Virtue. Some of the ill Conſequences which attend an unlawful Love are ſhewed in the Fate of *Roſamond*; nor does the Poet depart from Probability in his Repreſentation of the Reſentment of a jealous Wife. In this Opera the Poet joined the Dignity of Tragedy in the Characters of King *Henry* the ſecond, *Eleanor* his Queen, and *Roſamond*, and the Humour fit for Comedy in the Characters of the Keeper of the Bower and his Wife, in Order to gain the Attentions of Perſons of different Taſtes; by which Means the Objects of Delight are doubled to tempt the Spectators and Readers to Inſtruction.

THO I have hitherto propoſed the Encouragement of Virtue as the principal End of dramatic Poetry, the Ability to anſwer that End is not alone ſufficient to qualify a Perſon to be a dramatic Poet; for he ſhould

ſhould have all the Talents requiſite to delight and charm an Audience while he improves their Morals; he ſhould adorn Morality in ſo bright a Dreſs that the Spectators ſhould grow inamoured with ſo lovely a Miſtreſs.

TO the dramatic Pieces which I have already made my Remarks on I could add many more, which would bear as ſtrict a moral Examination, from the ſame Authors, from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Dryden*, *Lee*, *Otway*, *Steel*, *Phillips*, *Cibber*, and ſome few other dramatic Poets, who may be properly ſayed, in many of their Plays, to have adorned Morality.

CHAP. V.

An Anſwer to ſome particular Objections which have been made, by ſeveral Writers, to the Stage.

IN my Conſiderations on Tragedy, Comedy, and Operas, I have pointed out the Uſe of dramatic Writings; but the Enemys of the Stage ſay, if theſe, and many other, Plays anſwer the End propoſed, ſome contribute to the Corruption of the Morals of the People; ſome Plays perhaps may be too licentious both in Buſyneſs and Expreſſion; but the Duty of a Maſter of Comedians is to ſuffer none ſuch to be acted on his Stage.

IF ſome few Objections may be made to the preſent Management of our Theatres, is it reaſonable that dramatic Performances ſhould be entirely prohibited? We may with as much Juſtice prefer a Petition to the King to pull down the Church, becauſe diſ-

loyal, impudent, and moſt ſcandalous, Sermons have been delivered from the Pulpit; and becauſe many Clergymen diſgrace their holy Function.

SOME cry out againſt the leud Women who frequent the Playhouſes, and tempt many honeſt Men who, if ſuch Objects of Temptation were not in their Way, would go Home about their Buſyneſs. The ſame Objection may be made to every public Place; and St *Paul*'s Church was particularly liable to it before the preſent Biſhop of *London*, thro his great and commendable Zeal, routed the idle People from the Iſles thereof; yet I ſhould have grieved if that glorious Structure, on which the Immortality of *Wren* depends, had been levelled with the Ground, becauſe ſome vagrant Nymphs preſumed to pitch their Toils there. The Buſyneſs of Love goes forwards in every Church ſometimes; yet God forbid that the People ſhould be denyed the Benefit of being inſtructed by wiſe and honeſt Teachers.

IF they, whoſe Zeal tranſports them ſo far as to wiſh a Prohibition to all theatrical Entertainments, would propoſe ſome Regulations they might be liſtened to; but I am ſure ſuch Men are incapable of propoſing any Thing worthy the Attention of candid and judicious Perſons.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Arguments ſhewing how conſiſtent the Succeſs of Arts is with the Intereſt and Fame of a Nation, and how they go Hand in Hand together.

THE Taſk that now remains is to ſhew, as I propoſed in the Beginning of theſe Conſiderations, how conſiſtent the Succeſs of Arts is with the Intereſt and Fame of a Nation, and how they go Hand in Hand together.

IF we look as far back as poſſibly we can into paſſed Ages we ſhall find Mankind, from their moſt ſavage State, beginning to reform their Manners with the Dawn of Knowledge; and as Men of ſuperior Genius aroſe, and made Diſcoverys worthy the Purſuit of human Nature, and as thoſe Diſ-

coverys were gradually improved till the Studys of Humanity, and the polite Arts, arrived to Perfection, or as near Perfection as the Improvers could bring them, Men gradually encreaſed in Wiſdom and in Virtue, and the Countrys, in which they flouriſhed, in Wealth and Honour.

THE firſt Reformers of Mankind are not unjuſtly ſayed to have conquered the ſavage Nature of Brutes, and to have moved even Rocks, when we conſider Men let looſe to their Paſſions without the Guidance of Reaſon, and obdurate to almoſt all that would check the Appetite which impels them to every ſenſual Pleaſure. In this Senſe *Horace*, in his Epiſtle commonly called the Art of Poetry, has introduced the Storys of *Orpheus* and *Amphion*.

Sylveſtres Homines ſacer Interpreſque Deorum
Cædibus & Victu fœdo deterruit ORPHEUS;
Dictus ob hoc lenire Tigres, rabidoſque Leones;
Dictus & AMPHION, *Thebanæ Conditor Urbis,*
Saxa movere Sono Teſtudinis, & prece blandâ
Ducere quò vellet: fuit hæc Sapientia quondam
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra prophanis:
&c.

Sic

Sic Honor, & Nomen, divinis Vatibus, atque Carminibus, venit.

ORPHEUS, *the ſacred Interpreter of the Will of Heaven, deterred Men, who were in a State of Barbariſm, from Murders, and from preying on filthy and polluted Food; hence he is ſayed to have ſubdued the Rage of Tigers and of Lions; and* AMPHION, *the Builder of* Thebes, *is ſayed to have moved Stones by the Harmony of his Muſic, and to have made them follow him to what Place he thought fit to lead them by his perſuaſive Art: in elder Times Wiſdom was thought to have conſiſted in diſtinguiſhing Things public from private, and Things ſacred from prophane: ſo Poets acquired Fame and Honour to themſelves and their Writings.*

IF we carry on our Enquiry, by a Chain of reaſoning, we ſhall certainly find that every Man's Virtue is in Proportion to his Underſtanding; and the more exalted Notions Mankind entertain of Virtue, the more they are enamoured with it, and the more aſhamed of being guilty of any Act that is contrary to it. Every Thing therefore that helps to raiſe our Ideas of Virtue ought to be encouraged; and that dramatic Poetry contributes to that End, and greatly, I think I have proved in my Criticiſms on the Tragedy of *King LEAR*, the Comedy of *the Squire of* ALSATIA, and the Opera of *ROSAMOND.*

SINCE

SINCE the Succeſs of Arts is ſo beneficial to Mankind as we ſee by Reaſon and Experience it is, the Diſcouragement of them muſt be proportionably pernicious; and every Man that appears an Enemy to them ought to be looked on as a Foe to Mankind. I doubt not but they who cover their Hypocriſy or Folly with the Veil of Zeal, and are ſtrenuous in their Oppoſition to the Stage, would bring back, if they could, thoſe Days of Ignorance which once darkened this Iſland, that they might tyrannize over the Minds of Men, and ſubject their Fortunes to their Will; we therefore ſhould not wonder that they, as *Hannibal* vowed perpetual Enmity to *Rome*, ſhould wage eternal War with all that is polite, with all that ſets Liberty and Virtue in the faireſt View. As Arguments founded on Reaſon generally carry Conviction with them, the Writings of theſe Advocates for Ignorance will doubtleſs meet with their Due, the Contempt of the better Part of Mankind.

The E N D.